

PONOKA HERALD.

EUGENE RHIAN, Editor and Proprietor.

—A PROGRESSIVE PAPER IN A PROGRESSIVE TOWN—

Subscription \$1.00 per year

VOLUME II.

PONOKA, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1902

NUMBER 38.

DIRECTORY.

D. C. Postoffice of Ponoka.

MAILS GOING NORTH CLOSE AT THIS OFFICE AS FOLLOWS:
Monday and Friday 1:45 p. m.
Thursday 3:30 p. m.

MAILS GOING SOUTH CLOSE
Tuesday, Thurs., Sat. 10:45 a. m.
Wednesday and Friday 10:20 a. m.
Office hours from 8 a. m. to 7 p. m.
F. E. ALGAR, P. M.

C. & E. Time Table.

GOING NORTH
Monday, Wed. & Friday 11:15 p. m.
Tues., Thurs. & Sat. 15:30 p. m.

GOING SOUTH
Monday, Wed. Friday 10:50 a. m.
Tuesday, Thurs. & Sat. 11:10 a. m.

Ponoka Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN. Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. alternating every Sunday. Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m. Christian Endeavor at 8:00 p. m. Wednesday evenings. All cordially invited. J. A. MAIR, Pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH OF Canada. Services every Sunday at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10:00 a. m. Prayer meeting 8:00 p. m. on Friday evenings. The public cordially invited. THOS. T. PERRY, Pastor.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND. Services held first and third Sunday in each month at 3:00 p. m.

ROMAN CATHOLIC. Services in the school house at 10:30 on the first Sunday in each month.

PROFESSIONAL.

DRINNAN & MEMBERY.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.
Office over Mc Kinnell's Drug Store.
PONOKA ALBERTA.

ALBERT E. SAGE

UNDERTAKER.
Full stock of Coffins and Caskets.
PONOKA : : : ALBERTA.

PONOKA

Meat Market.

CASE & FISHER, Props.

CHOICE MEATS OF ALL KINDS.

John A. Grant

TAXIDERMIST
Dealer in Furs.

All Work Guaranteed.
Terms Reasonable

RED DEE, ALTA.

Dentistry

DR. J. CHRISTIE,
Licentiate of the Royal College of
Dental Surgeons, Toronto.
Will visit Ponoka every . . .

Friday and Saturday
with a view to locating permanently.

When desired
Teeth Extracted without Pain.

„COLE & LINTON“
House and Sign
Painters
Decorators.

Our prices are reasonable and all our
work is guaranteed. Give us your or-
der to paint your building.

A. COLE or J. LINTON.
THE PONOKA PAINTERS

THE ELECTION.

Talbot Chosen to Represent This Constituency by a Large Majority Over John T. Moore.

So far as the vote is learned, P. Talbot is elected to represent this constituency by about 150 majority over John T. Moore. Owing to the condition of the roads and the inclement weather, only a partial vote was cast at the various polling divisions. The vote as far as we have been able to ascertain the returns was as follows:

	TALBOT.	MOORE.
Red Deer,	16	182
Lacombe,	257	16
Ponoka,	55	10
Asker,	4	1
Red Deer Lake,	24	1
Meeting Creek,	8	0
Fairybank,	9	2

Concert Postponed.

The school concert arranged for this evening and advertised in our local page has been indefinitely postponed by the teachers. The high water makes it impossible for many of the children to be in attendance, hence the postponement.

No Trains This Week.

No trains have been run on the C. & E. line all this week and the chances are none will be run till the first of next. The track in many places is in a precarious condition. The bridge over Nose creek, this side of Calgary, is entirely washed out. Construction trains are now at work repairing the track as rapidly as possible.

Horse Theft.

A young man drove down from Wetaskiwin yesterday, driving a gray and bay team, which he sold here to E. C. Aylwin for \$100. The lad had no more than sold the team and crossed the river here than a wire came from Wetaskiwin to hold the young man and team. The liveryman owning the team came down from Wetaskiwin last night and now a search is being made for the young culprit. It is likely that little difficulty will be had in finding him and that he will be brought to a just account for his deed.

The following good advice is contributed by an able States exchange: Stick to your farm. A \$5,000 or \$6,000 farm is far better, safer, surer, healthier investment than a town store with an equal investment of capital. The man behind the plow is more independent than the man behind the counter. It is just as honorable and just as dignified to plow and plant, to milk and mow, as it is to tie up sugar, hand down a spool of thread or put up a package of crackers. The farmer who can envy the merchant, the manufacturer, or the town worker in general, has certainly got a wrong view of his own occupation as well as theirs.

G. Goodman is erecting a cosy little cottage, 20x20, on South Railway street.

Additional Local.

L. J. Dodd is stranded in Innisfail during the time the trains are not running.

W. L. Johnston has been hauling lime from Fairbank the past few days.

L. O. Neal of Aurelia, Iowa, was among the landseekers here the past ten days.

Arthur Dewhirst, Jr., living six miles east of town, is reported very low with pneumonia. Dr. Drinnan is in attendance.

Henry Hertz has the frame up for his building on the corner of Railway street and Chipman ave.

Case & Fisher expect to ship two cars of fine range-fatted steers to Vancouver as soon as the trains are in operation.

Mrs. L. B. Matusch, who has been ailing for several weeks, is at this writing much worse. She is suffering from dropsy.

H. H. Gaetz, Fred Krause and Cronquist left for Red Deer—by tie pass—Thursday, after spending a week here in the interests of John T. Moore.

The election passed off quietly in Ponoka on Wednesday. Not many of the voters came in from the country and only sixty-five votes were cast at this polling division. John Barr was deputy returning officer, Eugene Rhian poll clerk, C. D. Algar and H. H. Gaetz agents and John and Dave Ross and George Horn scrutineers.

A Kansas editor tells in the following of joining another order: "We took the second degree in that great universal order known as 'The Fatherhood of Man,' the first of the week. This order has the same ritual, the same ceremony, the same joys and anguish as has had for thousands of years. To be initiated into this order means a commingling of hope and fear in this world and almost a glimpse of the next. The experience in 'The Fatherhood of Man' in whatever degree—be it first, second, third or more—leaves an indelible impression upon the mind and heart. Our second degree initiation into this greatest of all orders last Sunday morn, just at the break of day, was fruitful of a son—decreed by neighbors and kin to be a heavyweight. He is doing well."

Obituaries.

Died.

On the 19th inst., at Rathkeal's Ranch, of pneumonia, Walter John, brother of A. C. Hare, J. P., Ponoka, and fourth son of William Hare, Sr., Halifax.

English papers please copy.

The deceased had been here only about two weeks, coming here from Nova Scotia. He was taken with a severe cold on the way here, from which he never recovered. Interment was made on the farm of A. C. Hare, twelve miles southeast of Ponoka.

Strayed.

From my place, two miles southeast of Ponoka, on May 10th, one red cow with bell on and one roan cow, both horned. Information leading to their recovery liberally rewarded by HERMAN WIESE.

COVER YOUR HEAD

WITH ONE OF

Fairley & Walker's HATS

Popular Styles at Popular Prices.

Big Sale Now On.

Commencing Friday, May 23d, until the 1st of June, we will offer our entire stock of Hats at greatly reduced prices. We have the finest and most up-to-date stock in town. If you are in need of a Hat, now is the time to buy—we can save you money. : : : Call and see that \$2.00 line of Boots that we are selling for \$1.50. A snap; get a pair while they last. Standard Patterns in stock.

Fairley & Walker.

PONOKA, ALBERTA.



Everything in Hardware.

A Heavy Stock of
Stoves,
Ranges,

W. H. Spackman...

GEO. STARKEY'S

Blacksmith Shop

Is the Popular Place with all who want good
work at low price.
PLOW WORK A SPECIALTY.

THE HERALD.

Published at Ponoka, Alberta, every Friday morning.

EUGENE RHIAN, Proprietor.

All bills rendered the 1st of the month.

Subscription \$1.00 in advance.

All communications intended for publication in the current issue should reach this office the preceding Tuesday. Correspondence from surrounding country earnestly solicited. Advertising rates on application.

Market Reports

Wheat	40c-50c
Oats	25c-30c
Barley	25c-30c
Chopped feed per cwt.	\$1.1
B. an	\$1.0
Shorts	\$1.1
Four per cwt.	\$2.40 to \$3.00
Potatoes per bu.	10c
Eggs per doz.	15
Butter per lb.	13c to 17c

Our Advertisers.

The following firms patronize the advertising columns of the local paper and will be found strictly reliable by our readers for any dealings in their line. Patronize those who help to up-build their town and country:

Allan, R. K.—Hardware, Machinery, Algar & Co.—General Merchants, Case & Fisher—Meat Market, Cole & Huber—Painters, Christie, Dr. John—Dentist, Courtwright & Son, W. R.—Lumber and Machinery, David Bros.—Harness and Saddlery, Earl, W. J.—General Merchant, Ellis & Grogan—Wholesale Agents, Fairley & Walker—General Mdse., Flynn, Miss Lizzie—Millinery, Grant, John A.—Taxidermist, Griffin, Mrs. L.—Washing, Hutson, G. W.—Jeweler, Huber, J. A.—Barber, Horn, Geo.—Pumps, Jones, Wm. M.—Livery and Feed, Lowen & Co.—Saw Mill, Lett, C. S.—Town Lots, Larenneau, S.—Royal Hotel, Merchants Bank—General Banking, McKinnell, R. W.—Drugs, Stationery, etc., Merkle, W. G.—Wood, McGillivray & Herrick—Grain and Flour, Pitcairn, W. J.—Real Estate, Reed, Clinton C.—Real Estate, Rathbun, John—Carpenter, Spackman, W. H.—Hardware, and Tinware, Sturgeson & Dalton—Contractors, Starkey, C. E.—Blacksmith, Sellars & McCue, Hotel Leland, Shary, Mrs. A.—Boarding house, Turner & Co., W. V.—Lumber and Machinery, Trimble, W. N.—Livery and Feed.

Just Received.

We have just unloaded a carload of the Celebrated Deering machinery, including Binders, Mowers, Rakes, etc. The Deering is not excelled by any machinery made. Come in and get prices and terms.

W. R. COURTRIGHT & SON

Dressmaking.

Neatly and Promptly Done.

Mrs. L. M. Carson,
Chipman Ave.

ALLAN'S TIN SHOP NOW OPEN.

I now have my Tinsmith open and will be pleased to fill any and all wants in this line. New and up-to-date equipment.

R. K. Allan.

Alberta House

MRS. A. SHARY,
Proprietress.

The Popular Stopping Place for Landseekers.

...Rates \$1 per Day.

..NEW.. MILLINERY STORE.

I have just received a new stock of MILLINERY GOODS and will be pleased to have you call and see them.

YOURS FOR TRADE,

At the PATTERSON PLACE. MISS LIZZIE FLYNN.

JOBBER and TRADERS

...Write us for our quotations on...

Metal Siding and Shingles, Corrugated Iron, Metal Ceilings, Portland Cement, Anchor and Victoria Tar and Building Paper, Jute Sacks, Scales, Hamilton Powder Co.

Ellis & Grogan.

Wholesale Agents.

Calgary.

To the Public.

HAVING opened up with a new clean stock of...

Confectionery, Fruit, Cigars, Soft Drinks, Flour, Potatoes,

I kindly solicit a share of your trade

Next Door to HERALD OFFICE.

B. C. GROAT.

Special Cost Sale

White sugar 15 lb	\$1.00	Dust, 2 lbs	25c
Brown sugar 15 lb	\$1.00	4 Yeast	25c
Rice, good, 5 lb	25c	Coffee ground	15c
T & B Tobacco	25c	S B Flour per cwt	\$2.20
Evap. Apples	15c	Patent	\$2.50
Prunes, 3 lbs	25c	Canned Tomatoes and	
Royal Crown Soap, 5	25c	Corn	15c
40c Green Tea	30c	Raspberries, Strawberries	20c
50c Black Tea	40c	Salmon, 2 cans	25c

At Postoffice Fairbank...

W. J. EARL.

...Full New Stock of...

GROCERIES.

JUST RECEIVED.

...Algar's The Lioness Store...

DODD BROS...

Harness and Saddlery.

We are Up-to-Date in Harness, Whips, Brushes, Saddles, Currycombs, Fly Sheets.

Telescopes and Traveling Bags.

OUR REPAIRING IS FIRST-CLASS AND GUARANTEED.

J. SIMINGTON.

J. A. DALTON

Simington & Dalton CARPENTERS

—AND— CONTRACTORS.

...Fine Inside Work a Specialty...

Estimates Cheerfully Given.

All Work Guaranteed.

SIMINGTON & DALTON,

CHIPMAN AVENUE, PONOKA.

New House and Newly Furnished.

Rates: \$1 and \$2 per day.

Hotel Leland

SELLARS & McCUE, Props.

Special Attention to Commercial Trade.

Ponoka, Alta.

The Bar is stocked with a Fine Stock of Liquors and Cigars.

PIONEER

Livery Feed and Sale Stable.

W. M. JONES, Prop.

If you want to make a drive get your team at—

...Jones' Livery Stable.

Special attention to care of FARMERS' TEAMS.

Draying Promptly Done at Low Prices.

W. R. Courtwright & Son, THE LEADING Lumber Dealers.

MOLINE FARM IMPLEMENTS

SYLVESTER BROS. DRILLS...

Also represent the WAWANESA MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

...Brick House... Newly Furnished. ...Everything strictly First-Class...

ROYAL HOTEL.

S. LARENDEAU, Prop.
T. LAVOIE, Manager.

The bar is stocked with the choicest liquors and cigars. The cuisine is equal to the leading hotels in Alberta. Special attention to commercial trade. Rates \$1 to \$2 per day.

W. E. TURNER & CO.

Dealers in

Native and Coast Lumber.

SASH, DOORS, MOULDINGS, SHINGLES AND LATH.

PRICES AS LOW AS GOOD GOODS WILL ALLOW.

Ponoka, Alta.

W. D. PITCAIRN,

Real Estate.

Notary Public.

Auctioneer.

Legal Documents Drawn Up.

Agent for London Assurance Co., Established 1720, Manitoba Assurance Co.

Town and country risks against fire accepted at lowest rates.

Sub-Agency Dominion Lands.

LAND! LAND!

Thousands of Acres of Choice

C. P. R. LAND

For Sale on Easy Terms of Payment.

PURCHASERS DRIVEN FREE

W. N. TRIMBLE, Guide.

T. J. WEST, Local Agent.

PONOKA, ALBERTA.

Ponoka and District.

The Weekly Round-Up of Items of Local and General Interest to Our Readers.

Fred Algar is fencing and otherwise improving his homestead, southeast of the village.

The village has several very mild cases of smallpox, all of which are in strict quarantine and are doing nicely.

Thomas Groosen, of Manitoba, was here last week visiting his friend, I. B. Loewen, and viewing the country.

The excessive high water in the river on Tuesday took the Dick Bros. boom out below the village. Fortunately there were no logs in the boom.

A boxing match for scientific points between Al Cole and a Wetaskiwin man will likely be arranged to take place at Wetaskiwin in the near future.

The trees are rapidly budding out and everything presents an air of real spring time. This spring has been from two to three weeks later in opening than is the average in this part of the country.

Word has been received from Robt. Demming at the hospital at Edmonton that he is getting along nicely. While his hand is badly fractured, it is hoped he will in a short time be able to be up and around.

A girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. George Haney southeast of town, last Thursday. This is the first youngster at their house and George's friends declare that the new family has not yet recovered from his surprise.

W. J. Earl came down from Fairbank with his boat Wednesday and is now operating a ferry at the wagon bridge. A movement is started here to provide free crossing for the farmers and we believe it should be carried out.

Wm. R. Dick, who was quarantined here for smallpox last week, was seized with a sudden desire for a trip home and boarded a train for Calgary. A dispatch from the chief of police at that place since stated that he was in their custody.

C. Heymeyer will return to his home in Douglas county, S. D., by first train, having secured for himself and two sons three more quarters of Alberta soil. He expects to move here as soon as his present crop in South Dakota is harvested.

The excessive rain of the past ten days has been the means of making the roads in many places well nigh impassable. The need for more work on public roads and bridges over small streams makes itself more and more felt in the Ponoka district. As soon as the district is older and the roads are once put in shape this unpleasant condition will cease to exist.

The Pleasant Ridge Ranch is the suggestive name W. J. McGillivray has given to his beautiful farm, four miles northeast of town, and he has had a nice lot of stationery printed bearing this title. The naming of farms is becoming more and more popular in older settled countries and we hope many others will follow William's good example.

This section has been visited by a deluge of water the past ten days. Ravines and creeks are reported as high as during the high water of last June. The Battle river has overflowed its banks and its bottom is flooded. This rain differs from the rainy season last year in that it is much warmer. Small grain is very little hindered in its growth, and if we but have warm weather after this the rain will be a benefit rather than a detriment to the country. Some farmers who were late in seeding have been unable to get their crop in, but these instances are few as in most cases seeding was done and crops nicely started before the rain set in. On the whole, the rain is a benefit to the grain as it will give it a good start, thus guaranteeing a much even stand than was had last year.

Hugh Robinson north of town, is gradually recovering from a two weeks illness.

Tonight occurs the concert at the school house. It is hoped that all who can will make it a point to attend.

George Alexander, through the medium of Shaft & Larson, this week purchased the sec-27-42-25 at \$7 per acre.

J. D. McGillivray and W. H. Spackman have taken the agency for the Plano machinery and will shortly have a large shipment on hand.

W. C. Ryckman has postponed his school concert advertised for tonight until June 6 on account of the bad roads.

Shaft & Larson is the name of a new land agency advertising in this paper. They have a large list of lands which they will be pleased to show free of charge.

Cook Myer's residence is receiving a coat of paint from the brush of Elmer Bush. The color is a delicate cream with yellow trimmings, and gives his nobby residence a very neat appearance.

Yesterday morning, after five days of rain, opened bright, clear and warm, and this following the copious rains will give the grain a wonderful impetus and with continued favorable weather this section is promised a bountiful crop.

The school board met as a court of revision on Monday. The levy has not yet been made for this year's tax and the board expects to meet for this purpose in a short time. The levy is estimated to be in the neighborhood of seven mills or less.

David Beheras, who has spent three months looking for a desirable location in California, Washington and other western states, has spent the past week in this neighborhood. He is favorably impressed with the country and expects to return here for another view of the country in about two months. His family is now in Washington.

Mark Seibken, formerly of Douglas county, S. D., was here the past week. Nearly two years ago the writer printed sale bills for Mr. Seibken in South Dakota. Since that time he has been traveling all over the western states in search of a desirable location and decided that he would have a look at the far-famed Alberta before locating permanently. He expects to locate in Southern California.

L. B. Matusch returned this week from a ten days' trip to the Meeting and Willow Creek country, east of Buffalo lake. That country is attracting wide attention just now and is destined to be one of the greatest districts of the Northwest. The country is fine open prairie and abounding in fertile soil. All that is lacking now is a railroad, as at present no market can be had within forty or fifty miles. This objection is expected to be overcome by the completion of the Canadian Northern within a few years' time.

A. P. Anderson has purchased a half interest in George & Levey's blacksmith shop and has added his fine set of tools, including shears, punches and power drills, thereto. This shop is now complete in its equipment and can handle any kind of ordinary work. Mr. Anderson has also purchased the carpenter shop formerly occupied by Simington & Dalton and is fitting it up for a dwelling.

Our readers can not but notice the half page ad of F. M. Lee this week. The White House is a popular trading place, as its increasing patronage indicates. Mr. Lee has just completed a large shed at the rear of his store for the free use of his patrons, which certainly shows in him a most commendable spirit and will be deeply appreciated by his customers.

Paint brushes are again in evidence today.

Ponoka's base ball team is practicing each day the weather permits. E. R. Sage is the official umpire.

The river as we go to press is gradually subsiding. It was within about eighteen inches of last year's high water mark.

True the roads are bad and it is quite discouraging to some to go without trains and mail a few days. But what new country is without drawbacks much greater than these.

W. J. Harris, of Guidrock, Neb., arrived here Sunday evening, on the last train before the washouts. He is a brother of Fred Harris, northwest of town. In his part of Nebraska when he left crops were suffering from drouth and prospects were very poor. It rained during his whole journey and found everything here most encouraging. He expects to locate here.

PRICE LIST.

A. C. Dewhurst's Meat Market.

Beefsteak—12½c
Boiling Beef—6c and 8c
Roast—10c
Corned Beef—10c
Pork Steak—12½c
Breakfast Bacon—15c
Salt Bacon—13c and 14c
Smoked Ham—15c
Fresh Pork—9c and 10c
Mixed Sausage—12½c
Bologna—15c
Head Cheese—15c
A. C. Dewhurst, Prop.
Butter and Eggs taken.

STOCK PUMPS. GEO HORN,

Local Agent for
The Celebrated ANDERSON
Double-Acting Force Pumps.
These pumps differ in principle and construction from any others. They are positively anti-freezing and never require packing. The only pumpman understood that has no sucker, no stuffing box or rods of any kind inside the conducting pipe.

JOHN C. RATHBUN...

Carpenter.. AND ..Builder.

Will contract for Complete Building or work by day.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED. PRICES RIGHT.
WORK GUARANTEED.

Enquire of A. REID or address me at Ponoka, Alberta.

For Sale ...

—AT A—

Bargain.

A Good, Level, Open Half Section.
Four and a Half Miles from Ponoka.

C. C. REED.

Geo. W. Nelson...

LACOMBE, Alta

Careful and Experienced WATCHMAKER.

Leave work with A. REID, Ponoka.

Can do your work after others fail. A trial Convinces.

Prices right.
Work guaranteed.

Alberta
Condition
Powders,

Canadian Horse
and Cattle Food,
and Herbageum.

R. W. McKINNELL,
Druggist, Stationer.

VICTORIA DAY CONCERT.

The village school, assisted by outside talent, is arranging an elaborate Victoria Day program to be rendered in the School House Hall on

Friday Evening, May 23.

Program to consist of addresses, recitations, dialogs, songs, music, etc. Everybody cordially invited. Silver collection.

School Concert.

A concert will be given in the Wiltse school house, north of Ponoka, on Friday evening, June 6. Program to consist of readings, recitations, songs and dialogues. Refreshments to be served by the ladies. The proceeds are in aid of a library fund. Program to begin at 8 p. m. Everybody welcome. Admission 15 cents, children 10 cents. Everybody turn out, spend a pleasant evening and assist in the worthy object of procuring a school library.

Don't forget the Big Hat Sale at Fairley & Walker's, which lasts till the 1st of June.

You can save money by buying your supplies at Fairley & Walker's.

If you want a Hat, go to Fairley & Walker's. They are selling cheap. Big Sale is in full blast.

For Sale.

Thoroughbred Plymouth Rock eggs. \$1.00 for 13. Apply to Mrs. V. E. IZER, Houghton Farm.

Strayed.

From place, on Thursday, May 8, one brown mare two years old, no brand. HENRY DICK.

For Sale.

Sixteen young pigs; Poland-China and Chester Whites; \$2.00 each. F. H. KARSTE T.

Cows for Sale.

I have a number of A1 cows for sale at right prices and terms. C. MYER.

For Sale.

Two of the best building lots in Wetaskiwin, being lots 6 and 7 in block 36. Apply to W. D. PITCAIRN, Ponoka.

Strayed.

From my farm, nine miles northwest of Ponoka, no section 10-44-21, May 21, 1902, two dark bay mares, combined 4 years old, mane clipped, branded anchor on left hip; one gray cayuse, 3 years old, mane clipped, branded on right hind leg. Liberal reward for their recovery. S. B. SHREVE.

Special Notice.

F. E. Algar & Co. beg to state that as they will be at heavy expense erecting their new building, parties owing them would confer a favor by kindly settling their accounts.

Cattle for Sale.

I have One Hundred cows for sale. All to be fresh in May. They range from two years to five years old and include some No. 1 cows and heifers. Also six yokes of extra large three and four year old steers and a number of registered and grade Durham bulls.

For terms and further particulars write or call on A. L. BALL, Ponoka.

Call for Tenders

Sealed tenders will be received by the undersigned, overseer of the village of Ponoka, up to and including Saturday, May 31, 1902, for the material for, and construction of, a sidewalk running from Railway street west to the north side of Donald avenue to the west side of Herchmer street, thence north to the corner of the public school site. Work to be completed according to plans and specifications now on file in my office. The right reserved to reject any or all bids. W. R. COURTAUGH Overseer.

For Sale.

18-inch breaker, \$25. Apply to J. P. HORN.

FOR SALE.

Owing to the pressure of other business the proprietor of the

Royal Hotel Ponoka

has decided to offer it for sale. The property includes a

Brick Building,
Three Choice Lots,
Bar Stock and
Furniture.

For further information call at
HERALD OFFICE.

Washing

Ironing and Mending

Neatly and Promptly Done.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
MRS. LUCINDA GRIFFIN.

Merchants Bank of Canada

Head office: MONTREAL.

Capital (paid up) \$6,000,000.
Reserve Fund \$2,600,000.

LACOMBE BRANCH

Interest allowed on Deposits.

A general Banking Business

R. TAYLOR, Mgr.

A Snap

480 Acre Farm at \$3.00
Five Miles from Ponoka.

This is one of the best farms in this part of the country. 80 acres worth of improvements. 35 acres broken. Plenty of good water. For further particulars apply to
HERALD OFFICE.

Ponoka WOOD YARD.

Wood Bought and Sold

Wood delivered in the village at 90 cents per rick. Custom sawing at reasonable prices. I am here to stay and solicit your trade.
LEAVE ORDERS AT JONES' LIVERY.

W. G. MERKLEY.

Barber Shop:::

Next door to Case's Shop.

Eight Shaves \$1.00,
Hair Cut 25c.

JAKE HUBER,
Proprietor.

Down Lots for Sale

—IN—
PONOKA

Reasonable prices. Easy terms. General managers Osler, Hammond & Nanton, Winnipeg. C. S. Lott, Calgary, Agent.

For maps, prices, etc., apply to

T. J. WEST,
C. P. R. A., Ponoka.

HANS, THE COBBLER.

HE IS ADVISED TO START A LITERARY SHOESHOP TO BOOM HIS TRADE.

Tries the Experiment; but, as usual, the Scheme Falls to Work and Gets Him Into All Sorts of Predicaments, With More Coming.

[Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.]

DOT coal man vhas my frenet und like to see me do peenness, und he comes to my place und says:

"Hans, I shall tell you somet'ings to make you a rich mans in a year. You must have a little library along mit your cobbler shop. If a mans vhas a cement patch on his shoe, you must gif him Shakespeare to read vvhile he waits. It shall be called 'Der Shakespearean Cobbler Shop,' und you shall see how mooch he vvhill be appreciated. I shall lene you some Shakespeare to put in your library."

I don't know who Shakespeare vhas, but I pelief she vhas a good idea. Dot coal mans brings me oop six books, und I put out a sign. My shop vhas open only ten minutes before a mans comes in und says:

"You vhas some literary cobbler, eh?"

"I vhas," I says.

"Und you haf books to read vvhile I haf a lift put on my heel? Vvhell, by golly, dis vhas a new idea, und I like it."

He looks oafter dose six books in two minutes und says:

"Ah—um! I don't see dot book I vwant. Cobbler, haf you got 'Robinson Crusoe'?"

"I don't pelief I haf."

"But why not? She vhas der most interesting book in all der world. If you like to please your customers, you vvhill haf 'Robinson Crusoe.' Shust step out und get him for me vvhile I wait. I like to read about his man Friday."

"I can't do it," I says.

"But why not?"

"I dunno, but I can't do it."

"Oh, I see! You get six books by Shakespeare und don't care if der peoples vhas pleased or not. Vvas dot some way to do peenness? Neffer! Sir, you vhas a fraud, und I shall break you oop in peenness!"

I don't say nothings, but he vhas mad und likes to punch my head for two cents. He goes out shaking his fist at me, und in two minutes a young mans comes in und says:

"Cobbler, a patch on dot shoe vvhile I tarry. How about dot free library?"

"She vhas all K. O."

"Let me see. I like to read a book by Shakespeare called 'His Own Darling,' but you don't haf him here. How vvas dot?"

"I dunno."

"But you should know. Dot vhas a book to melt your heart. You can't



"COBBLER, EXCUSE MY TEARS."

read him two minutes unless you cry. I vhas a bad young mans before I read him, but now I vhas reformed. Shust hand me 'His Own Darling' vvhile I wait."

"But I can't do it," I says.

"Ho, hol! So dot vhas your little game, eh? It vhas some skin game to get custom, but don't you fool mit me. If you get me mad, I vhas dangerous. Vvhill you get dot book?"

"I can't."

"Dot settles it. Cobbler, you vhas a liar und a fraud, und if I meet you on der street some night I vvhill make you howl for mercy!"

Somet'ings vvas wrong about my library, und my wife says I shall haf troubles, but before I can fix her a mans comes in mit some shoes to be half soled und says:

"Cobbler, excuse my tears, but I vvas full of grief today."

"Vvas somepody dead?" I says.

"No; it vvas not dot. I shust feel bad because der world vvas no better, und I long to be at rest. Mens vvas cold und cruel, und if I vvas in my grave I should be glad. How vvas it about dot free library?"

"She vvas right here."

"So I see. Let me look. Haf you some book here called 'When I Vvas Dead, Nopody Can Grieve Me Any More'?"

"I don't pelief I haf," I says.

"But why not? It vvas der best book you offer read. If you read her once, you shall cry for one week. Hunt around und find me dot book."

"I can't do it."

"Oh, you can't! You don't like to oblige me, eh? You like my custom,

but you don't like to get me my book. All right. Cobbler, I can lick you in two minutes!"

"But why should you lick me?"

"Because you vhas a swindler und a pirate. From dis time on you look out. By jimsny, if I catch you down by der river you vvas a dead mans!"

One more person comes in. She vhas a womans. She haf a heel to put on a boy's shoe, und she says:

"Cobbler, you vvas der mans for me. Vvhile you fix dis shoe I shall sit down und read dot book called 'She Loved Him So.' It vvas all about a womans who loved a mans more ash twenty years. I don't know if it vvas by Shakespeare, but she vvas all right."

She don't find dot book, und she likes me to go out after it, und when I don't go she screams und hollers und makes a great row, und more ash feerty peoples comes around und says I vvas a bad man und a liar. Nopody goes avhay yet, und dot womans likes to kick my shop oafter, vvhien der fat policemen comes oop und yells at me:

"Another row, eh? Cobbler, vvas vvas all dis about?"

"I haf some free library py Shakespeare," I says.

"Vvas? Vvas? You say he vvas by Shakespeare?"

"He vvas."

"Und who vvas Shakespeare?" he yells ash he shakes his club at me.

"I dunno."

"No, you don't know, und yet you ge some books by him und leaf me out. Does Shakespeare run dis ward?"

"I can't say."

"Vvas he as big as I vvas?"

"I dunno."

"Can dot Shakespeare make you shovel snow off der sidewalk or bring out your ash barrels? Can he put out a bonfire or stop a German band? Can he arrest a dog mitout any muzzle on or make a street car stand still? Speak up, cobbler, und tell me."

"I dunno."

"Den I make you know!" he says, und he knocks me around till I vvas dead und tells my wife dot vvhien wake oop to say to me dot he vvas come back next day und gif me a fe more.

M. QUAD.

Systematic.

Lady—Why

don't you brace

up? You don't

know where

your next meal

is coming from.

Tramp—Sure

I do! Ain't I

got me sched-

ule?

Explained.

She—How did

you ever be-

come a drink-

ing man, Colo-

nel Sourmash?

He—I have a

strong suspi-

cion, Miss East-

erly, that thir-

st had something

to do with it.

How It Happened.

"What brought

you to this?" asked

the student of social

conditions as the

hobo was arraigned.

"Good luck," answered

the weary

one, trying to steady

himself.

"Good luck! Surely

you don't call it

good luck to be

arraigned in a police

court."

The weary one was too

weary to answer.

"If he hadn't been

accidentally locked

in a saloon over night,

he wouldn't

be here," explained

the officer.—Chicago

Post.

Great Scheme.

"Haven't made a

dollar this year,"

said the Georgia

man, "but I've struck

it rich at last!"

"You have?"

"Yes; I'm going to

enter the race for

office and get the

other candidates to

pay me a dollar

apiece to drop out!"—

Atlanta Constitution.

An Insinuation.

Softleigh—How

vewy dweadful

paents must feel

when theah offspwing

is bawn an idiot,

donder know.

Miss Cutting—Yes,

indeed. I have

always felt sorry

for your parents.—

Chicago News.

Prospects Out of Sight.

Tess—Bess is

going to marry an

optician.

Jess—Is he

wealthy?

Tess—I think

so—at any rate,

she says there's

a lot of money

in sight for

him.—Philadelphia

Press.

Driven Desperate.

She—If I should

refuse you, Mr.

Ardent, would

you go off and

do some

foolish thing?

He—Yes; I'd

marry some

other girl,

no doubt.—Smart

Silas Lost.

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THE FOXY MAJOR.

HE ORGANIZES A NEW SYNDICATE FOR THE BENEFIT OF A CREDITOR.

The Grand Promoter Tries His Latest Banko Game on Another Victim, Who Is Equal to the Occasion and Refuses to Bite.

[Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.]

IT was a young man with long hair, well worn raiment and the enthusiasm of art in his eyes who knocked at Major Crofoot's office door and was bidden to enter. The major's face lighted up with pleasure as he turned from his desk, and he rose and advanced with outstretched hand and cheerily exclaimed:

"My dear boy, I was just this moment writing a note to ask you to call."



"SHAKE HANDS WITH ME."

Shake hands with me. Shake heartily. I think I have prepared an agreeable surprise for you."

"Major Crofoot," replied the young man as he sat down stiffly, "four days ago I came here with three paintings for sale."

"Four days ago exactly," said the major as he rubbed his hands together.

"They were landscapes, gems of art, my own work."

DEATH AND VICTORY

A Beautiful Easter Discourse by
Rev. Dr. Talmage.

RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD

The Christian View of Death as the Entrance to a Fuller Life—The Charge of the Black Giant—The Urn or the Tomb—Rout of the King of Terrors—The Final Victory.

Entered According to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1902, by William Baily, of Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Washington, March 30.—The Christian view of death as the entrance to a fuller life is presented in this Easter discourse by Dr. Talmage from the text, I Cor. xv, 54, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

About 1,870 Easter mornings have awakened the earth. In France for three centuries the almanacs made the year begin at Easter until Charles IX. made the year begin at Jan. 1. In the Tower of London there is a royal pay roll of Edward I. on which there is an entry of 18 pence for 400 colored and pictured eggs, with which the people sported. In Russia slaves were fed, and alms were distributed on Easter. Ecclesiastical councils met in Pontus. In Gaul, in Rome, in Achaia, to decide the particular day and after a controversy more animated than gracious decided it, and now through all Christendom in some way the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after March 21 is filled with Easter rejoicing.

The royal court of the Sabbaths is made up of fifty-two. Fifty-one are princes in the royal household, but Easter is queen. She wears richer diadem, she sways a more jeweled sceptre, and in her smile nations are irradiated. How welcome she is when, after a harsh winter and late spring, she seems to step out of the snowbank rather than the conservatory, to come out of the north instead of the south, out of the arctic rather than the tropics, dismounting from the icy equinox, but welcome this queenly day, holding high in her right hand the wrenched off bolt of Christ's sepulchre and holding high in her left hand the key to all the cemeteries in Christendom.

My text is an ejaculation. It is spun out of halleluiahs. Paul wrote right on in his argument about the resurrection and observed all the laws of style, but when he came to write the words of the text his fingers and his pen and the parchment on which he wrote took fire, and he cried out, "Death is swallowed up in victory!" It is an exciting thing to see an army routed and flying. They run each other down. They scatter everything valuable in the track. Unwheeled artillery; hoof of horse on breast of wounded and dying man. You have heard of the French falling back from Sedan, of Napoleon's track of 90,000 corpses in the snowbanks of Russia, of the retreat of our armies from Manassas or of the five kings tumbling over the rocks of Beth horan with their armies while the hailstorms of heaven and the swords of Joshua's host struck them with their fury.

The Charge of the Black Giant.

In my text is a worse discomfiture. It seems that a black giant proposed to conquer the earth. He gathered for his host all the aches and pains and malarias and cancers and distempers and epidemics of the ages. He marched them down, drilling them in the northwest wind and amid the slush of tempests. He threw up barricades of grave mound. He pitched tent of charnel house. Some of the troops marched with slow tread commanded by consumptions, some by double quick commanded by pneumonias. Some he took by long siege of evil habit and some by one stroke of the battleaxe of casualty. With bony hand he pounded at the door of hospitals and sickrooms and won all the victories in all the great battlefields of all the five continents. Forward, march! ordered the conqueror of conquerors, and all the generals and commanders in chief and all presidents and kings and sultans and czars dropped under the feet of his war charger. But one Christmas night his antagonist was born.

As most of the plagues and sicknesses and despotisms come out of the east, it was appropriate that the new conqueror should come out of the same quarter. Power is given him to awaken all the fallen of all the centuries and of all lands and marshal them against the black giant. Fields have already been won, but the last day of the world's existence will see the decisive battle. When Christ shall lead forth his two brigades, the brigade of the risen dead and the brigade of the celestial host, the black giant will fall back, and the brigade from the riven sepulchres will take him from beneath, and the brigade of descending immortals will take him from above, and death shall be swallowed up in victory.

The old braggart that threatened the conquest and demolition of the planet has lost his throne, has lost his sceptre, has lost his palace, has lost his prestige, and the one word written over all the gates of mausoleum and catacomb and necropolis, on cenotaph and sarcophagus, on the

lonely khan of the arctic explorer and on the catafalque of great cathedral, written in capitals, of azalia and calla lily, written in musical cadence, written in doxology of great assemblages, written on the sculptured door of the family vault, is "Victory." Coronal word, embannered word, apocalyptic word, chief word of triumphal arch under which conquerors return.

Rout of the King of Terrors.

Victory! Word shouted at Culloden and Balaclava and Blenheim, at Medo and Solferino, at Marathon, where the Athenians drove back the Medes; at Poitiers, where Charles Martel broke the ranks of the Saracens; at Salamis, where Themistocles in the great sea fight confounded the Persians, and at the door of the eastern cavern of chiseled rock, where Christ came out through a recess and throttled the king of terrors and put him back in the niche from which the celestial Conqueror had just emerged. Ah! When the jaws of the eastern mausoleum took down the black giant, "death was swallowed up in victory." I proclaim the abolition of death.

The old antagonist is driven back into mythology with all the lore about Stygian ferry and Charon with oar and boat. Melrose Abbey and Kenilworth Castle are no more in ruins than is the sepulchre. We shall have no more to do with death than we have with the cloakroom at a governor's or a president's levee. We stop at such cloakroom and leave in charge of a servant our overcoat, our overshoes, our outward apparel, that we may not be impeded in the brilliant round of the drawing room. Well, my friends, when we go out of this world we are going to a King's banquet and to a reception of monarchs, and at the door of the tomb we leave the cloak of flesh and the wrappings with which we meet the storms of this world. At the close of an earthly reception, under the brush and broom of the porter, the coat or hat may be handed to us better than when we resigned it, and the cloak of humanity will finally be returned to us improved and brightened and purified and glorified.

You and I do not want our bodies returned as they are now. We want to get rid of all their weaknesses and all their susceptibilities to fatigue and all their slowness of locomotion. We want them put through a chemistry of soil and heat and cold and changing seasons, out of which God will reconstruct them as much better than they are now as the body of the rose-lest and healthiest child that bounds over the lawn in Central Park is better than the sickest patient in Bellevue Hospital. But as to our soul, we will cross right over, not waiting for obsequies, independent of obituary, into a state in every way better, with wider room and velocities beyond computation, the dulcet of us into companionship with the very best spirits in their very best mood, in the very parlor of the universe, the four walls burnished and paneled and pictured and glorified with all the splendors that the infinite God in all the ages has been able to invent. Victory!

The Urn or the Tomb.

This view, of course, makes it of but little importance whether we are cremated or sepulchred. If the latter is dust to dust, the former is ashes to ashes. If any prefer incineration, let them have it without cavil or protest. The world may become so crowded that cremation may be universally adopted by law as well as by general consent. Many of the mightiest and best spirits have gone through this process. Thousands and tens of thousands of God's children have been cremated—P. P. Bliss and wife, the evangelistic singers, cremated by accident at Ashtabula bridge; John Rogers, cremated by persecution; Latimer and Ridley, cremated at Oxford; Pothinus and Blandina, a slave, and Alexander, a physician, and their comrades cremated at the order of Marcus Aurelius; at least a hundred thousand of Christ's disciples cremated, and there can be no doubt about the resurrection of their bodies. If the world lasts as much longer as it has thus far, there perhaps may be no room for the large acreage set apart for resting places, but there is plenty of room yet, and the race need not pass that bridge of fire until it comes to it. The most of us prefer the old way. But whether out of natural disintegration or cremation we shall get that luminous, buoyant, glad-some, transcendent, magnificent, inexplicable structure called the resurrection body. You will have it; I will have it.

I say to you to-day as Paul said to Agrippa, "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" That far up cloud, higher than the hawk flies, higher than the eagle flies, what is it made of? Drops of water from a river, other drops from a lake, still other drops from a stagnant pool, but now embodied in a cloud and kindled by the sun. If God can make such a lustrous cloud out of water drops many of them soiled and impure and fetched from miles away, can he not transport the fragments of a human body from the earth and out of them build a radiant body? Cannot God, who owns all the material out of which bones, muscle and flesh are made, set them up again if they have fallen? If a manufacturer of telescopes drop a telescope on the floor and it breaks can he not mend it again, so you can see through it? And if God drops the human eye into the dust, the eye which he originally fash-

ioned, can he not restore it. Aye, if the manufacturer of the telescope, by the use of a new glass and a change of material, can make a better instrument than that which was originally constructed and actually improve it, do you not think the fashioner of the human eye may improve its sight and multiply the natural eye by the thousandfold additional forces of the resurrection eye?

Everday Resurrections.

"Why should it be thought with you an incredible thing that God should raise the dead?" Things all around us suggest it. Out of what grew all these flowers? Out of the mold and the earth. Resurrection! Resurrection! The radiant butterfly—where did it come from? The loathsome caterpillar. That albatross that smites the tempest with its wings—where did it come from? A senseless shell. Near Bergerac, France, in a Celtic tomb under a block, were found flower seeds that had been buried 2,000 years. The explorer took the flower seed and planted it, and it came up. It bloomed in bluebell and heliotrope. Two thousand years ago buried, yet resurrected! A traveler says he found in a mummy pit in Egypt garden peas that had been buried there 3,000 years ago. He brought them out, and on the 4th of June, 1841, he planted them, and in thirty days they sprang up. Buried 3,000 years, yet resurrected! "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?"

"Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" The insects flew and the worms crawled last autumn feebler and feebler and then stopped. They have taken no food. They want none. They lie dormant and insensible, but soon the south wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and the air and the earth will be full of them. Do you not think that God can do as much for our bodies as he does for the wasps and the spiders and the snails? This morning at half past four o'clock there was a resurrection. Out of the night the day. In a few weeks there will be a resurrection in all our gardens. Why not some day a resurrection amid the graves?

Even and anon there are instances of men and women entranced. A trance is death followed by resurrection after a few days; total suspension of mental power and voluntary action. Rev. William Tennent, a great evangelist of the last generation, of whom Dr. Archibald Alexander, a man far from being sentimental, wrote in most eulogistic terms—Rev. William Tennent seemed to die. His spirit apparently left the body. People came in day after day and said, "He is dead, he is dead." But the soul that had returned, and Will Tennent lived to write what he had seen while his soul was gone.

I called at my friend's house one summer day. I found the yard all piled up with rubbish of carpenter's and mason's work. The door was off. The plumbers had torn up the floor. The roof was being lifted in cupola. All the pictures were gone, and the paper hangings were doing their work. All the modern improvements were being introduced into that dwelling. There was not a room in the house fit to live in at that time, although a month before when I visited that house everything was so beautiful I could not have suggested improvement. My friend had gone with his family to the Holy Land, expecting to come back at the end of six months, when the building was to be done. And, oh, what was his joy when at the end of six months he returned and found the old house had been enlarged and improved and glorified. This is your body. It looks well now—all the rooms filled with health, and we could hardly make a suggestion. But after awhile your soul will go to the Holy Land, and while you are gone the old house of your tabernacle will be entirely reconstructed from cellar to attic, and every nerve, muscle and bone and tissue and artery must be hauled over, and the old structure will be burnished and adorned and raised and cupolaed and enlarged, and all the improvements of heaven introduced, and you will move into it on resurrection day. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

The Final Victory.

And so when the world's last Easter morning shall come the soul will descend, crying, "Where is my body?" And the body will ascend, saying, "Where is my soul?" And the Lord of the resurrection will bring them together, and it will be a perfect soul in a perfect body, introduced by a perfect Christ into a perfect Heaven. Victory! Do you wonder that on Easter day we swathe our churches with garlands? Do you wonder we celebrate it with the most consecrated voice of song that we can invite, with the dearest fingers on organ and cornet and with doxologies that beat these arches with the billows of sound as the sea smites the basalt at Giant's Causeway? Only the bad disappear of the resurrection. A cruel heathen warrior heard Mr. Moffatt, the missionary, preach about the resurrection, and he said to the missionary, "Will my father rise in the last day?" "Yes," said the missionary. "Will all the dead

in battle rise?" said the cruel chief. "Yes," said the missionary. Then said the warrior: "Let me hear no more about the resurrection. There can be no resurrection; there shall be no resurrection. I have slain thousands in battle. Will they rise?" Ah, they will be more to rise on that day than those whose crimes have never been repented of will want to see! But for all others who allowed Christ to be their pardon and their life and their resurrection it will be a day of victory.

The thunders of the last day will be the salvo that greets you into harbor. The lightning will be only the torches of triumph procession marching down to escort you home. The burning worlds flashing through immensity will be the rockets celebrating your coronation on thrones where you will reign forever and forever and forever. Where is death? What have we to do with death? As your reunited body and soul swing off from this planet on that last day you will see deep gashes all up and down the hills, deep ravines all up and down the valley, and they will be the emptied graves, they will be the abandoned sanctuaries, with rough ground leveled on each side of them, and seas will lie uneven on the rest of the rocks, and there will be fallen monuments and cenotaphs, and then for the first time you will appreciate the full exhilaration of the text, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven! Praise to thee by both be given. These we greet triumphant now; Hail the resurrection thou!



Sandy Pikes—Madam, has yer a pair of old corsets yer can spare? The Lady—Gracious me! Do you want corsets? Sandy Pikes—No, ma'am, I want to fasten dem aron' me shins to keep de dogs from bitin' through.

The Heathen Chinese.

Oh, th' heathen Chinese, in a minute, Will be passin' across th' divide, An' it's likely enuf he will shin it 'T save his Mongolian hide! Bad cess t' his one an' his liver; We will give him an' dignant dance! Aye, smile, aye, stammer an' shiver; Tuck yer shirt inside o' yer pants! Ye never was good as a nation, With yer shakin' an' shakin' jest; Make way for th' lords o' creation, 'T' rich an' th' 'low some an' shiver 'T' intell'it's built like a party 'T' eat with yer finger an' shiver; Yer soul is as dead as a carrot's, So over ye go 'cross th' styx! Ye ruin our shirts an' our collars; Ye ruin our cuffs an' our sleeves; Yer a thing that ain't rich an' then bellers; If we ax ye t' follow our laws, Ye never was good as a voter; What good in th' land are ye, sure? Yer a villain, a shaver an' a flatter; Monogoly, we shoves ye th' duret!

They's fleasha an' England ag'in ye; Yer th' lane o' th' gallant Japan; Jack Sam's at yer plagiat, ye sin ye; Aye, out with yer leprous clan! Th' impur of Germany's traitor; He will write up an' spy on ye, His persons will teach ye a master; Ye heathen, climb down t' yer knees! For th' powers are lookin' for sliect; They will cut ye up quiet an' fine; They will dig ye up teas an' yer rice; An' push ye all int' th' brine! Yer it's one an' all or them sayin; In accents both rapid an' low; "Tis time, fellow powers, fer th' slayin; Th' heathen Chinese, he must go!" —Harold MacGee, in "Savages."

Must Give a Horseshoe.

An old manorial rite exists at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, England, where every peer of the realm is bound the first time he enters the town to present a horseshoe to be nailed on the old portal, which is well nigh covered with these tributes. It is said that in case any contumacious peer should refuse to pay this tax the authorities have a right to stop his carriage and levy blackmail by unshoeing one of the horses. To avert so serious an annoyance the tribute shoe is generally ready, some being of enormous size and inscribed with the name of the donor.

Pleads Ignorance.

Judge—How did you come to get drunk? Defendant—Faith, yer honor, Oi'm not to blame. Oi didn't know what Oi was doin'. "You didn't? How was that?" "Well, ye see, sor, Oi was under th' influence of liquor whin Oi sharted." —Beverage.

The Moon Kept on Shining.

A certain well known judge was once violently attacked by a young and very impudent counsel. To the surprise of everybody, the judge heard him quite through, unconscious of what was said by these present, and made no reply.

After the adjournment for the day and when all were assembled at the hotel where the judge and many of the court folk had their refreshments, one of the company asked the judge why he did not rebuke the impertinent fellow.

"Permit me," said the judge loud enough to attract the attention of the whole company, among whom was the barrister in question—"permit me to tell you a little story. My father, when we lived in the country, had a dog, a mere puppy, I may say. Well, this puppy would go out every moonlight night and bark at the moon for hours together."

The judge paused, as if he had finished.

"Well, what of it?" exclaimed half a dozen of the audience at once.

"Oh, nothing—nothing, but the moon kept shining on, just as if nothing had happened."

Leisure Class.

Lord Sayvan-De Livras—Ah, but your leisure class in this country have no titles.

Miss Sharpe—Nonsense! What's the matter with "Bobo," "Weary Willie," "Dusty Roads," and so on?

Scener at Hand.

"Did you ever reflect on the immensity of the solar system?" "No. I've got my mind full reflecting on the size of the note I have to pay next week."

From a Scotchman's Sermon.

We are told to love our enemies, but we are not told to like them. I don't like my enemies. I dislike them very much. But (with this a baleful glance) I love them, and I shall ever be ready to show my love to them by trying to get them severely punished that they may be led to repent of their behavior toward me.

A Queer Marriage Custom.

In the Loo Choo Islands there are some curious marriage customs. One consists in the bridegroom going round to all his friends' houses and permitting them to dress him up in any ridiculous style that they fancy. Sometimes the happy man is arrayed in a gayly painted kimono, the sleeves of which are tied up with a string laden with bells, toys and trumpets. A mask is then put on and a red hat, the "rig out" being completed by an empty kerosene tin, which rattles noisily along as he walks, accompanied generally by a crowd of children.

When His Courage Left Him.

"They say," remarked the sweet young thing, "that you were never really frightened."

"Nonsense!" returned the man who was honest as well as more than ordinarily brave. "They forget that I was once one of the principals in a—"

Duel?

"No; in a swell church wedding."—Chicago Post.

Automobile Revealed.

Mr. Perfume—I thought when you sold me this automobile you guaranteed it to be a first class hill climber? Dealer—Um!

Mr. Perfume—Well, the only thing it has shown any tendency to climb has been telegraph poles.—Puck.

The Fur Mart.

In the Alaskan fur market London quotations govern. These are fixed twice a year—in March and August—by a board of principal dealers in that city, and prices are gauged according to that scale in all parts of the world except Russia.

Fresh Water Sharks.

Lake Nicaragua is the only fresh water lake which holds a species of shark.

A Comparison.

"I am so chicken hearted," sniggered the lady with the false ringlets as she explained her scare about burglars.

"Yes'm," agreed the policeman who had searched the house for her, "but," he continued under his breath, "you are not spring chicken hearted, not by a long shot."—Baltimore American.

Sorry He Spoke.

He was in the parlor of a St. Louis residence while his fiancée was playing a Chopin sonata on the piano. Her mother was seated almost opposite her future son-in-law, and when the proper opportunity presented itself she said:

"Don't you think Edna has a great ear for music?"

"I certainly do," replied the young man. "If you'd stretch a few strings across, it would make a lovely guitar!"

But he never finished his sentence.

Another Matter.

City Magistrate—Of course I don't wish to stand in the way of my daughter's happiness, but I know so little of you, Mr. Hawkins. What is your vocation? Mr. Hawkins (airily)—Oh, I write—er—poetry, novels—er—plays and that sort of thing.

City Magistrate—Indeed! Most interesting! And how do you live?—Punch.

HE SAVED THE SCOW

A CLEVER BIT OF STRATEGY IN AN ENGINEERING JOB.

How a Young American Engineer Brought His Spirit of Invention to Aid in Solving a Wreck Problem in South America.

"It is easy enough for an engineer to show ability in New York or in other big towns where he can get about all the tools and conveniences ever devised. It is when an engineer finds himself in the wilds of a jungle or up in the mountains, hundreds of miles from civilization, that his own natural ingenuity and invention count," said a veteran engineer to a youngster who had been admitted to the ranks of the Engineers' club.

"Down in Surinam, Dutch Guiana, where the arrival of a sailing schooner causes a sensation, where a mail steamer enters the muddy harbor once in two weeks to carry two hours to get rid of its mail and to take on a few passengers, there was once a young American engineer who showed that he had the proper spirit of invention to advance him to the front ranks of the profession. Like all the best inventions, his was the simplest one, and it was one that was widely talked about among the profession to the credit of the inventor.

"To understand the story properly you need a trifling insight into Surinam and its habits. Here Indians may be seen on the streets wearing only a breechcloth. The white population is so scarce that all are thrown together as if in one large family. Englishmen, Americans, Germans, Dutchmen and Frenchmen all combining together and forming clubs and society to keep themselves from dying of sheer loneliness.

"In this primitive town there was a man who held the splendid monopoly of owning a large scow. That, up there, seems a remarkably small thing to be proud of, but the value of even a scow depends entirely upon where the scow is and what it will cost to replace it. This particular scow had been built by American ship carpenters sent especially from the United States at great expense. There was not another scow in the entire harbor, and about all of the heavy river work to be done for the city and plantations and mining companies was done by this one vessel. Its loss, therefore, would have been not only a severe one for the owner, who had a monopoly of the business in those days, but it would have been little short of a national calamity.

"One day, while the scow was anchored in midstream, one of those smashing black squalls for which the tropics are famous broke over the river, and for twenty minutes you could not see ten feet away or hear a man shouting at your elbow. When the storm finally abated, the scow was not to be seen, and it was found she had gone down, deck load and all. To most of us there seemed about as much chance of raising the vessel as there would be to raise an ocean steamer sunk in the middle of the Atlantic.

"It was about this time that the young engineer took a hand in the problem. He asked the dimensions of the scow and was told that it was 12 by 60 feet, and then he announced that if the owner would provide him with four men he would raise the scow for a certain sum of money. The bargain was made, though the contractor refused to say how he would go about the job.

"Now, you must know that aside from the ebb and flood tide, which alternate every six hours, there is also what is known as a spring tide. This comes with the full of the moon, and it has the effect of making a higher flood tide than any during the month. The opposite to the spring tide is the neap tide, and that happens at the dark of the moon, with the effect that at no other tide during the month is the ebb tide so low as it is at that time. The difference in the height of water between the ebb at neap tide and the flood at spring tide is considerable.

"The engineer waited until neap tide. On that day he towed a number of logs down the river. These he anchored over the scow and sent men below to fasten chains to one side of the scow, and these he fastened to the logs on the surface. Then he waited patiently. As the spring tide approached he towed other logs down the river until he had enough to make quite a raft, and on the day of the highest tide all the logs were tied together and fastened. The tide rose steadily, and the more it rose the more the raft went down under the strain of the pull on the chains. At last, just as it seemed that the raft was unequal to the occasion, it was seen to bob up violently, and a moment later there was a commotion in the water, and the scow appeared. What had happened, of course, was this: The chains pulling upward on one side of the scow tilted it more and more until the deck load began to slide off, and finally, when all the stones had slid into the river, the scow came up under its own buoyancy. The remainder was simple. The vessel was towed to the shore, where it was hauled up on the sand, and when the water receded

holes bored into the hull caused the scow to empty. Later the holes were plugged up again, and the old ship was as fine as silk."

George Was Slow.

She—If you could have one wish, George, what would it be?
He—It would be that—that—that—oh, if I only dared tell you what it would be!

She—Oh, please go on! Do tell me!
He—I dare not. But, oh, if only I could!

She—Well, why don't you? What do you suppose I brought the wishing subject up for?

The Billionaire's Parting Precept.
"My children, bless you! And remember this: Lay something by every year, if it is only a few millions."—Life.

Assorted Voices.

It is a well known fact that voices differ greatly according to nationality and geographical position. Thus, in Russia one hears male voices which are absolutely unique in the lowness of their compass. The Italians, on the other hand, are notable for their fine tenor voices. Some Asiatic nations, according to Engel, sing in shrill notes by straining the voice to its highest pitch. Others delight in a kind of vibrato or tremolando. Some sing habitually in an undertone, others in a nasal tone.

Lichtenstein, in describing the singing of a Hottentot congregation in South Africa, observes that among all the singers, consisting of about 100 Hottentots of both sexes, there was not one man with a bass or baritone voice. All the men had tenor voices. The Chinese voices seem to bear some resemblance to the weak character of the people. A military man who had three years' service in the country declares that he never once heard a Chinaman sing from his chest.

The Laird's Last Drink.

The remark of counsel in a will case the other day that there were two peculiarities about highlanders, their great devotion to the national drink and their power of absorbing whisky without apparently getting the worse for it, recalls the old story of how the laird of Garscadden took his last draft.

A considerable number of lairds had congregated in the clachan of law for the ostensible purpose of talking over some parish business. They talked well and drank still better, and one of them about the dawn of the morning, fixing his eye on Garscadden, remarked that he was "looking unco gash" (very ghastly).

Upon which the laird of Kilmardiny coolly replied: "He has been 'til his Maker these two hours! I saw him step awa', but I didna like to disturb guid company!"—London Chronicle.

Benevolent.

There was not long since a venerable and benevolent judge in Paris who at the moment of passing sentence on a prisoner consulted his associates on each side of him as to the proper penalty to be inflicted. "What ought we to give this rascal, brother?" he said, bending over to the one upon his right. "I should say three years." "What is your opinion, brother?" to the other on his left. "I should give him about four years." The judge (with benevolence)—Prisoner, not desiring to give you a long and severe term of imprisonment, as I should have done if left to myself, I have consulted my learned brothers, and I shall take their advice. Seven years!

New York's Tall Men.

Why are there so many very tall men in New York? Is a question often asked by visitors to the city. The peculiarity is so patent that it very soon forces itself on the attention of every casual observer. The men are not the ordinarily tall men of six feet or so that one sees quite as many of in Pittsburgh or Chicago as you do in New York, but the men whose heads rise up noticeably out of the crowd wherever they are. What brings them here or what grows them here are questions. They are so plentiful that one can scarcely walk a block down town without meeting several.—New York Letter in Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Earth's Motion.

A public demonstration of the earth's rotary motion is given every Sunday in the building that was formerly the church of the Conservatoire in Paris. A large pendulum hung as high as possible swings with a sweep of about sixty feet. The plane of oscillation remains absolutely invariable in space, and the displacement produced by the rotation of the earth is so regular that a watch can be set in this way.

Incentive to Haste.

Dusty—When I came into the yard, the bulldog showed his teeth.
Wrangles—And what did you do?
Dusty—The proper thing. I showed my heels.

The best way to do good to ourselves is to do it to others; the right way to gather is to scatter.—Richter.

A wise man speaks well of his friends, and of his enemies he speaks not at all.

WALKED 223,840 MILES.
Edward Pearce, of Woodchurch, Eng., has just retired from the postal service. During the 37 years he held the office of rural postman he walked 223,840 miles, or nine times round the world. His daily walk for over 20 years averaged 17 miles, and he never missed a day's delivery of letters for 37 years.

Dr. Johnson's long association

with the Strand, London, is to be commemorated by placing a beautiful stained glass window in St. Clement Dane's chapel.

Mrs. Kendall was once playing in Dublin, the role being Galatea. Pygmalion has that not unusual accessory, a jealous wife. During the temporary absence of the wife Galatea was about to throw herself into the arms of Pygmalion when an old lady

in the audience called out, warningly: "Don't do it darlint! His wife's just gone out, an' it will be like her to be stoppin' at the key-hole!"

An agreeable man is one who consents to being taught things that he already knows.

BILE POISONS--LIVER DISORDERS.

Headaches, Biliousness and Constipation Are Thoroughly Cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

There is no single organ in the human body which exerts such a wide influence over the other organs as does the liver. It has been well named the regulator of the system. Once the liver grows sluggish and fails to filter the bile poisons from the system, there comes pain, disease and death. The head aches, the tongue is coated, the bowels become constipated, the digestive system is thrown out of order, and foul impurities that should be removed from the body, are thrown back into the blood stream to find their way to the weak spots of the human frame.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have a direct action on the liver, and bring prompt relief and lasting benefit. Nearly everybody is familiar with the extraordinary virtues of this famous treatment. Here is a sample of the letters received from cured ones:—

Mr. John Skelton, the well-known bridge builder of 101 Sherwood street, Ottawa, states: "I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for kidney and liver derangements, brought on by exposure, and find them better than any pill or medicine I have ever used."

"They cleaned my system and made me feel healthy and vigorous and better in every way. I can recommend them as the best liver and kidney medicine that I know of."

Mr. James Baird, postmaster, Concession, Ont., states: "It gives me and my wife much pleasure to recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as a family medicine of superior value. We use them in preference to all other pills in our family, and I might here state that they cured me while suffering from biliousness, and also cured my wife of sick headache, from which she suffered severely."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto.

NOT THAT KIND OF A RANCH.

A good story has come up from the Pincher Creek district. Two travellers were driving through that section and met with an accident to their buggy. While one stayed with the rig the other went to a nearby farm house for tools to make the necessary repairs. Asking the farmer, who chanced to be a Swede, if he had a monkeywrench the astonished traveller received the following reply: "No. Ay got a cattle ranch; ma brother Ole haf a horse ranch; Nels Nelson haf a hog ranch; ba de crick over dere, and a Jankee faller haf a sheep ranch bout five mile down da road; but Ay bet you no faller d— fool enough to start a monkey ranch in dese country."

Many a man breaks his bill down town then grows because his wife wants a little small change.

Be more prompt to go to a friend in adversity than in prosperity.—Chilo.

To be disinterested is to be strong, and the world is at the feet of him whom it cannot tempt.—Amiel.

True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends, but in the worth and choice.—Ben Johnson.

WHY WOOLENS WEAR THIN.

A SCENE IN A GROCER'S STORE.

Sir, I have just come round myself to tell you that you have absolutely spoiled a pair of blankets on me.

I have!

Yes, sir, you have!

Surely you are mistaken, madam!

I am not mistaken. I send round my little girl a few days ago for a good strong soap to wash out some heavy things. In all innocence I used what you sent me, and the result is that my blankets are just the skeleton of what they were. They are ruined, sir, and it's your fault!

Yes, but I sent what I usually send in such cases.

What you usually send! No wonder Mrs. Moore, my neighbor, complains of her clothes wearing out; I that what I sold you injured your soap.

But, madam, I always give my customers what they ask for. Had you named a particular brand of soap you would have had it.

Named a particular brand! How was I to know anything of brands? But I know better now, and I know what ruined my blankets—and my hands are in a nice plight too!

I can assure you, madam, that it is not my desire to sell anything that will be injurious to either the hands or clothing of my customers, and I shall be glad to know how you prove find you usually send her the same blankets and your hands.

Well, I was telling Mrs. Neill my trouble, and she lent me a little cutting, and here it is; you can read it: "Dr. Stevenson Macadam, Lecturer on Chemistry, Surgeon's Hall, Edinburgh, describes the destructive process."

"After mentioning how strong alkali such as potash and soda, disastrously affect cotton, linen and wool, he says:—

"On one occasion I employed this property of soda in a useful way. There was a large quantity of new blankets sent to one of our hospitals, which when given out, were said by the patients to be not so warm as the old blankets were, and that led to an investigation as to whether the blankets were genuine or not. They looked well, and weighed properly, and I got a blanket sent to me for examination and analysis. We found soon that there was cotton mixed with the wool,

He who has not forgiven an enemy has not yet tasted one of the most sublime enjoyments of life.—Lavater.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, what, obtainable in a sound, unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailties of the system are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, guided by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

A garden is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment of the spirit of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiwork.—Lord Bacon.

Many a girl's distant manner may be traced to the fact that she had onions for dinner.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia.

Unless you forget that you are trying to go to sleep you will not succeed.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It is a free and easy expectorant, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers is always the first to be touched by the thorns.—Moore.

As Parmelee's Vegetable Pills contain man-drake and dandelion, they cure liver and kidney complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain roots and herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Cairncross, Sh. Kenmore, writes:—"I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for biliousness and derangement of the liver, having used them myself for some time."

Nothing is so strong as gentleness; nothing so gentle as real strength.—Francis de Sales.

SEEDS

If you use seeds, get good ones. We keep the best in the market. Catalogue on application.

KEITH & CO.,

P. O. Box 43, 479 Main Street, Winnipeg

ALL-WOOL MICA ROOFING

Reputation for durability established. Eleven years' trial. Our severe frost has no effect on it. Joists of American paper siding which cracks in our climate.

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HERBAGUM.

Real Estate Agent. Issuer of Marriage Licenses

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Lowest Rates to all Points

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EAST, WEST, AND SOUTH.

Daily Solid Vestibuled Train, with Sleeping Cars, to St. Paul and Minneapolis.

OCEAN STEAMSHIP TICKETS

Full particulars on application to any agent Canadian Northern Ry, or

GEO. H. SHAW,

Traffic Manager, Winnipeg.

Not one life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife and all life not be purer and stronger thereby.—Owen Meredith.

Only the brave know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at.—Sterne.

Those who attain to any excellence commonly spend life in some one single pursuit, for excellence is not often gained upon easier terms.—Johnson.

The poor author is doubly poor when he is compelled to borrow his thoughts.

PONOKA, ALBERTA.

Glacier Ice. Glacier ice is not like the solid blue ice on the surface of the water, but consists of granules joined together by an intricate network of capillary water filled fissures. In exposed sections and upon the surface of the ice can be observed "veined" or "banded" structure veins of a denser blue color alternating with those of a lighter shade containing air bubbles. The cause of this peculiar structure has been the subject of much theorizing among investigators, but hitherto the greatest authorities consider that the explanation of the phenomenon is yet wanting.

* will be as strong as our* if you try

Karl's Clover Root Tea cures indigestion

It was at one time supposed that atmospheric pressure had something to do with the adhesive power of the limpet, but it is now generally agreed that the creature exudes a kind of glue for this purpose. If you place your finger on the rock immediately after a limpet has been detached, you will feel that the surface is sticky, and if you allow your finger to remain there for a short time you will notice that it is beginning to stick quite tightly.

A mastiff was trained to assist thieves in Paris. It was in the habit of bounding against old gentlemen and knocking them over in the street. "lady" and "gentleman"—owners the dog—would then step forward assist the unfortunate pedestrian rise, and while doing so would ease him of his watch and purse.

Write for Book on Horses and Cattle free

W. N. U. No. 374.

AT THE White House.

Just to hand a large consignment of fresh Groceries, direct from the East, bought at the very closest prices, which enables us to offer the following lines remarkably cheap:

CORN, PEAS AND TOMATOES, 10c A TIN.
PRESERVED PLUMS, 2 TINS FOR 25c.
CHOICE IMPORTED PICKLES, 15c A BOTTLE.
A FIRST-CLASS LAUNDRY SOAP, 7 bars for 25c.
FANCY COOKING FIGS, 4 lbs. FOR 25c.
THESE PRICES ARE FOR CASH.

We have a large stock of these goods, but at these prices they will not last long, so would advise intending purchasers to call early.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE FOR BUTTER AND EGGS

Our Stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Ready to Wear Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, Hats, Caps, Etc., is complete at prices that defy competition.

N. B.—HAVE JUST COMPLETED A SHED AT PEAR OF STONE FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF THE PUBLIC—NO CHARGE.

F. M. LEE,
PONOKA, ALBERTA.

LAND

...LAND...

LAND

If you want land, see us before buying. We can sell you any kind of land you want. We are selling more land than any one. We are farmers and don't depend on selling land for a living. We will show you land free of charge, for we have our own rigs. If you have land to sell, list it with us.

Three miles southeast of Ponoka.

W. N. Shafft. E. I. Larsen.

Correspondence.

Seaford Public School District.
Rev. Thos. Kennedy held services at Mrs. Gray's Sunday.

School has started and is progressing very favorably under the tutelage of Miss Cameron.

J. S. Slaver has just completed a fine new frame barn. Mrs. Holokoff was the carpenter.

J. W. Christie is plastering his new house.

Farming is through for this spring. The grain is up and everything looks fine.

Ben Cook is now residing on the farm formerly owned by R. K. Axford. He is improving it.

Marion Perry is building a fine new house on the quarter he purchased of L. E. Christie.

F. E. Algar is fencing his homestead. He has twenty acres in crop.

The Herald and
Edmonton Bulletin

To New Subscribers

\$1.75 per year. C. C. REED.

Village By-Laws.

BY-LAW NO. 1.

Be it enacted by the Ratepayers of Ponoka in annual meeting assembled on the 7th day of April, 1902, that the Overseer of the Village charge all shows, fairs, traveling troupes from two to ten dollars, at the discretion of the Overseer.

BY-LAW NO. 2.

Be it enacted by the Ratepayers of Ponoka, in annual meeting assembled on this, the 7th day of April, 1902, that from and after the 24th day of May, 1902, it shall be unlawful for any cattle to run at large in the Village of Ponoka between the hours of 8 o'clock p. m. and 5 o'clock a. m. from the first day of April to the first day of December in any year.

The above by-laws are hereby declared to be in full force and effect from and after the first day of their publication on Friday, the 23rd day of May, 1902.

R. COURTHRIGHT,
Overseer.

For Sale . . .

— AT A —

Bargain.

A Good, Level, Open Half Section.
Four and a Half Miles from Ponoka.

C. C. REED.

THE PONOKA

Saw Mill.

New in Operation for the Season.

...CUSTOM SAWING...
Five Dollars per Thousand.

Patronize home industry by
buying your lumber at the
Ponoka Saw mill.

Be sure to bring your Permits
We cannot saw your logs without.

Loewen & Co.,
Proprietors.

FOR SALE.

FIRST-CLASS

RANCH.

WITH

45 Head Cattle
Team Horses
Implements
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Provisions

A BARGAIN
For Cash

For Price and full particulars,
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THE... City Livery Feed & Sale Stable.

Good Teams and Rigs at Right Prices. Dray in Connection.
FREE LAND GUIDE.

Lengthy experience and a thorough knowledge of the country particularly fits Mr. Trimble for this business. Satisfaction guaranteed. Office and barn next to Massey-Harris building on Railway St.

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Highest Market Price Paid for
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A Car of 2-point Barb Wire.

GURNEY'S STOVES.